

## Southern Soldier - - Tradicionály

Písnička značně rozšířená mezi jižanskými vojáky (Konfederace)

D  
I'll place my knapsack on my back  
G  
My rifle on my shoulder  
D  
I'll march away to the firing line  
A  
And kill that Yankee soldier  
Hmi D  
And kill that Yankee soldier  
D Hmi  
I'll march away to the firing line  
D A D  
And kill that Yankee soldier

I'll bid farewell to my wife and child  
Farewell to my aged mother  
And go and join in the bloody strife  
Till this cruel war is over  
Till this cruel war is over  
I'll go and join in the bloody strife  
Till this cruel war is over

If I am shot on the battlefield  
And I should not recover  
Oh, who will protect my wife and child  
And care for my aged mother  
And care for my aged mother  
Oh, who will protect my wife and child  
And care for my aged mother

And if our Southern cause is lost  
And Southern rights denied us  
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel  
For our demands of justice  
For our demands of justice  
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel  
For our demands of justice

Before the South shall bow her head  
Before the tyrants harm us  
I'll give my all to the Southern cause  
And die in the Southern army  
And die in the Southern army  
I'll give my all to the Southern cause  
And die in the Southern army

If I must die for my home and land  
My spirit will not falter  
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand  
Upon my country's altar  
Upon my country's altar  
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand  
Upon my country's altar

Then Heaven be with us in the strife  
Be with the Southern soldier

We'll drive the mercenary horde  
Beyond our Southern border  
Beyond our Southern border  
We'll drive the mercenary horde  
Beyond our Southern border

So I'll place my knapsack on my back  
My rifle on my shoulder  
I'll march away to the firing line  
And kill that Yankee soldier  
And kill that Yankee soldier  
I'll march away to the firing line  
And kill that Yankee soldier